



New-York, Dec. 11, 1840.

Maria W. Chapman:

Dear Friend,

I intended to send you a line by this week's bundle, but was not able to do so for want of time; and even now I can do little more than convey a message from James S. Gibbons, which I hope will reach you in season for the purpose intended. He has ordered the medals to be executed, of which he spoke in a letter to you a short time since; and as he was leaving the city, a few days ago, he requested me to apprise you of the fact, and to inform you that he would send a quantity for the Fair, either on the 14th, ~~when~~ by me, or by Express on the 21st. You may therefore rely upon getting them in season.

Many thanks to you for your long and interesting letter. I will not say, as Whittier does of the commonplace proceedings of ~~his~~ his "poetical flourish," called a "World's Convention," that "like the Fishbite, I can go many days in the strength thereof," but I can say, with truth, that it quickened my zeal, and strengthened my <sup>determination to persevere unto</sup> ~~purpose to be true and~~ the end. I hope that the friends in Boston will not think

for a moment of striking the ~~flag~~ national flag. Now is the time to show the enemy that our courage is of that sort that "mounteth with occasion." Let us remember, that

"Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt."

Abby Gibbons and her friends will send a valuable contribution to the Fair, and Isaac J. Hopper will furnish a quantity of his excellent Blackings. By the way, if you can think of any motto, either in poetry or prose, that would be proper for the labels on the bottles, send it on forthwith. Perhaps the uses of the article may suggest to you a pitting ~~and~~ rhyme. If you will send one by Wednesday of next week, it will be in season.

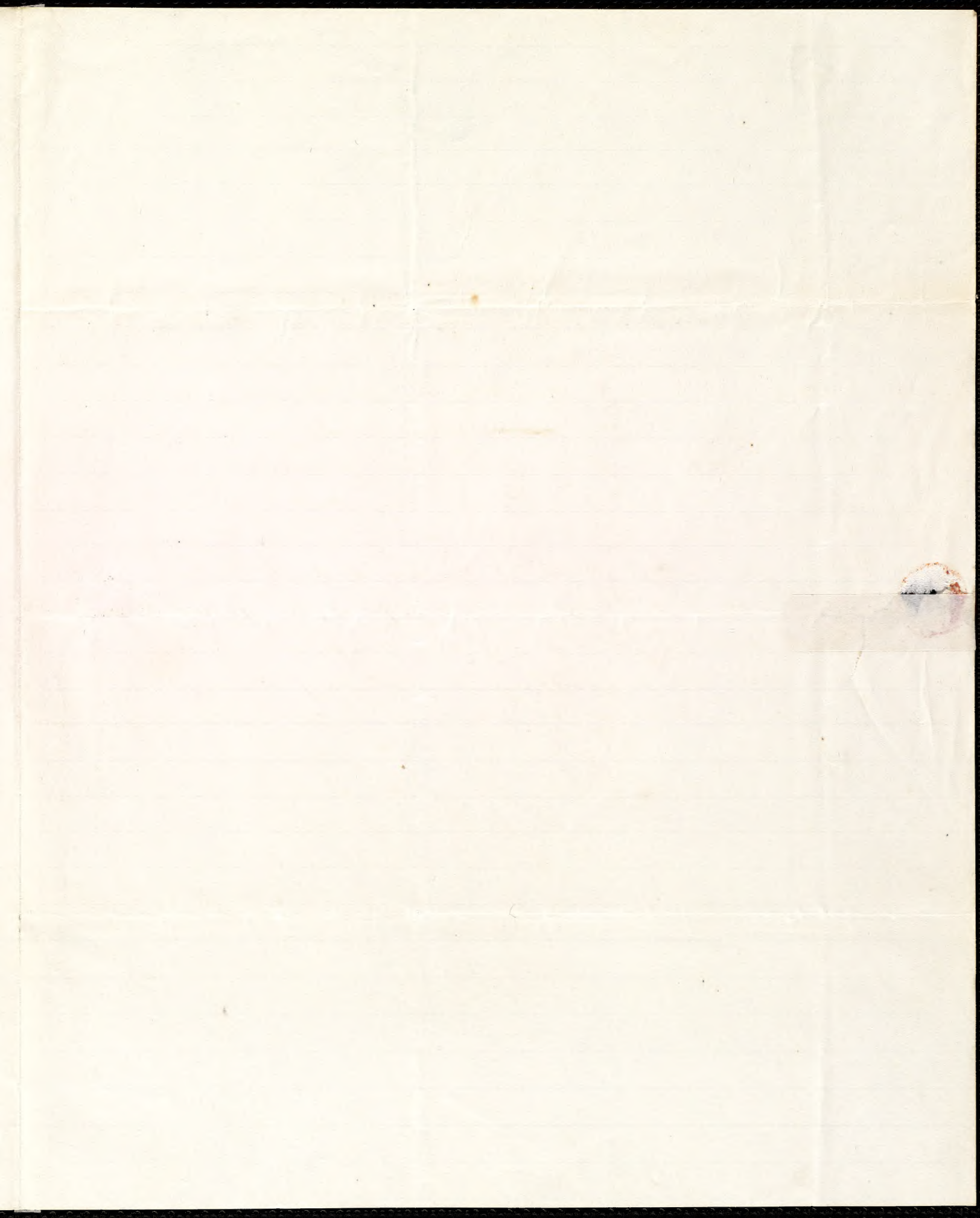
I begin to count the days that intervene between me and Boston. Never did the "wandering swallow" long more for her "wonted nest," than I do to get back once more to my Massachusetts home, and see, face to face, the faithful souls with whom it has been my joy to labor for so long a period.

Isaac J. Hopper, who is at my elbow, says, "Give my love to Maria W. Chapman." He is one of the Lord's noblemen, "an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile."

Wishing to be remembered to your husband and sisters, I remain, "in the patience of hope,"

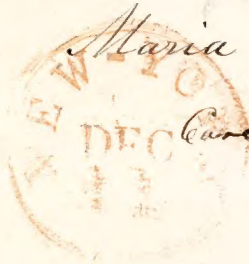
Your faithful fellow-laborer,

Oliver Johnson.



*R* *W*

PAID



Maria Weston Chapman,  
Care of H. G. Chapman,  
Boston,  
Mass.

1840



*Anna Johnson*

Ms. A. 9. 2. 19. 25